Special "River" Number.

Modern Life

61. SATURDAY, JULY 4th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE.

Modern Life

No. 61. Week ending July 4. One Penny.

Editorial & General Offices: 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telegrams: "Effinredom, Estrand, London." Telephone: City 8798.

Publishing Department: 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

Annual Subscription, 6/6; six months, 3/3; three months, 1/8 post free. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

Notice to Contributors: The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Time's Changes in Regard to Royal Courtings.

In some of the European capitals, as formerly in this country, the arrival of eligible princes from other states with obvious designs upon some fair princess is still made the subject of frank notice in the official gazettes. Even in this country, the last time a British King had an only daughter (George IV.) he sent forth through the *Court Circular* the arrivals, interviews, and general features of the foreigners' visits, and made no bones about taking advantage of the Court publication to acquaint the public (and the visitor!) what impression he had made upon the Royal daughter. Just a century ago the results of the courtship of the Prince of Orange and our Princess Royal were given to the world with childlike frankness. And when Princess Charlotte "broke it off" with the Dutchman to marry Leopold of Saxe-Coburg the fact was at once plainly stated in all the daily papers. But times have changed.

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The Runners-up for the Hand of Princess Mary.

We have to-day a charming little Princess, full of youth and innocence, who up till now has no loves, and only one hate—Suffragettes!—and who lends an air of romance to old Buckingham Palace which none others of the Royal Family could impart. She has "put her hair up," carries a brolly, is in long clothes, and has already had about her several foreign princes, all of whom have had an eye to the Princess's probabilities in the Matrimonial Stakes. But not many people know about it. Every possible precaution is taken that nothing shall leak out.

* * *

Readers of *Modern Life* know all about the Strelitzer, who is now a reigning Sovereign Prince in Germany, and who is still awaiting Princess Mary's answer! Most people know, too, about young Erik of Denmark, who spent all last year down in Gloucestershire learning English farming; and how his father came over to fetch him home after Princess Mary's birthday party, when Erik sent her such a pretty present, and made himself so jolly to the other girls who were invited.

* * *

None the less, these facts are not in any sense "officially communicated" to the public. How we happen to know them doesn't matter. The point we are coming to is that in spite of all Queen Mary's efforts to smother any suspicion that her daughter could be an object of anxiety to any foreign prince, the Royal suitors are nearly always somewhere about, and the latest of them, and one of the distinctly "eligibles," has just arrived, in the deadliest secrecy, as if he were a German spy, instead of a gallant young hero "ready and willing" to say "snip" if only the lady would say "snap" in return.

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Deadly Secrecy of the Royal Suitor's Stay in London.

So far no mention of his name has appeared in any official publication. He has not been "announced" at Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House, and yet the whole Court knows of his presence in the very very shadow of St. James's, and as the cut a very gallant figure at the Beauty Tournament at Earl's Court two or three years ago, and is a popular favourite with all the Royalties, you may surmise without being rude that there are very good reasons for saying nothing about his presence in London.

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He is no other than that young and soldierly Christopher of Greece, who has always been so much in the good books of his aunt, Queen Alexandra, and he has been staying at Claridge's quite unrecognised for weeks! "Chrissy" comes over religiously every season, is well-known in London ball-rooms, is twenty-six, and the youngest brother of King Constantine of the Hellenes. His father was Queen Alexandra's favourite brother, and if Princess Mary keeps Chrissy waiting much longer, he will probably do something that will bring the young lady to a serious realisation of the position.

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King George's Only "Pal."

Sir Charles Cust, who may be described as King George's only "pal," has just been bereaved of his mother, who was greatly honoured at Court in her day, and will be mourned by His Majesty as well as her son. The late Lady Cust was one of the Bridgemans, of the Earl of Bradford's family, and her father was an Admiral who enjoyed the "good books" of Queen Victoria. Lady Cust in other days was a Bedchamber Woman to Her late Majesty, and her son, the present baronet, Sir Charles Cust, grew up in the Court, and has known King George all his life. He was selected to be one of the King's shipmates during His Majesty's early naval training, and the friendship that then began has continued undiminished to this day.

* * *

It was understood, in fact, that when the once invaluable Lord Knollys retired from the position of secretary to the monarch, it was to make way for Sir Charles Cust, who has shared the King's secrets all his life. Sir Charles is within a few months the same age as the King, and their tastes are entirely in common. In his devotion to the King, Sir Charles has never married, and in all the foreign tours which His Majesty has taken about the Empire he has always been careful to have his former shipmate close at hand. Sir Charles belongs, of course, to the Custs of Brownlow, but he is not heir to the Earl, and his only heir to his baronetcy is his brother, Mr. Leopold Peregrine Cust. Sir Charles Cust is, naturally enough, a highly-decorated Equerry, but some of his baubles were well won in Egypt in 1882. He lives in Piccadilly, within easy reach of his Royal master.

* * *

Royal Pageantry More Popular than ever.

No one can accuse King George and Queen Mary of "not earning their money!" More than any other

two British monarchs they have given themselves over to the work of reigning, and in order to provide what they consider a sufficiency of Royal shows for rich and poor alike, they have invented the annual Garter service at Windsor, which had been in abeyance for centuries. In spite of the Silly Suffs, the service last week passed off with mathematical precision, and the "special" with the Knights and Heralds returned to town after the Royal luncheon within ten minutes of the scheduled time. This is owing to it being a regular function, and though a difficult and trying one for Their Majesties (for Precedence in the Garter service is a positive nightmare even to the Heralds themselves)—everything now drops into the fixed programme, and one of the stateliest pageants of this old land of pageantry seems like to go on now for hundreds of years to come.

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Garter Duke who Defied Queen Victoria.

Not all the Knights of the Garter were present, however. Several were not wanted, not for any personal reasons, but because the service is not a Chapter of the Order, and only a handful of the Knights are invited to take part in the service. There are Garter Knights, however, who are never likely to be seen at Windsor again. Old Lord Abergavenny, for instance. Nor is the venerable Marquess likely to go where he isn't wanted. Not that that would be an unprecedented event. Oh, dear no! Strange as it may seem, a Duke who is still well remembered at Windsor defied the Queen once, and stood upon his right to attend a Chapter of the Garter Knights. He was the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, whose widow is still so very much to the fore.

* * *

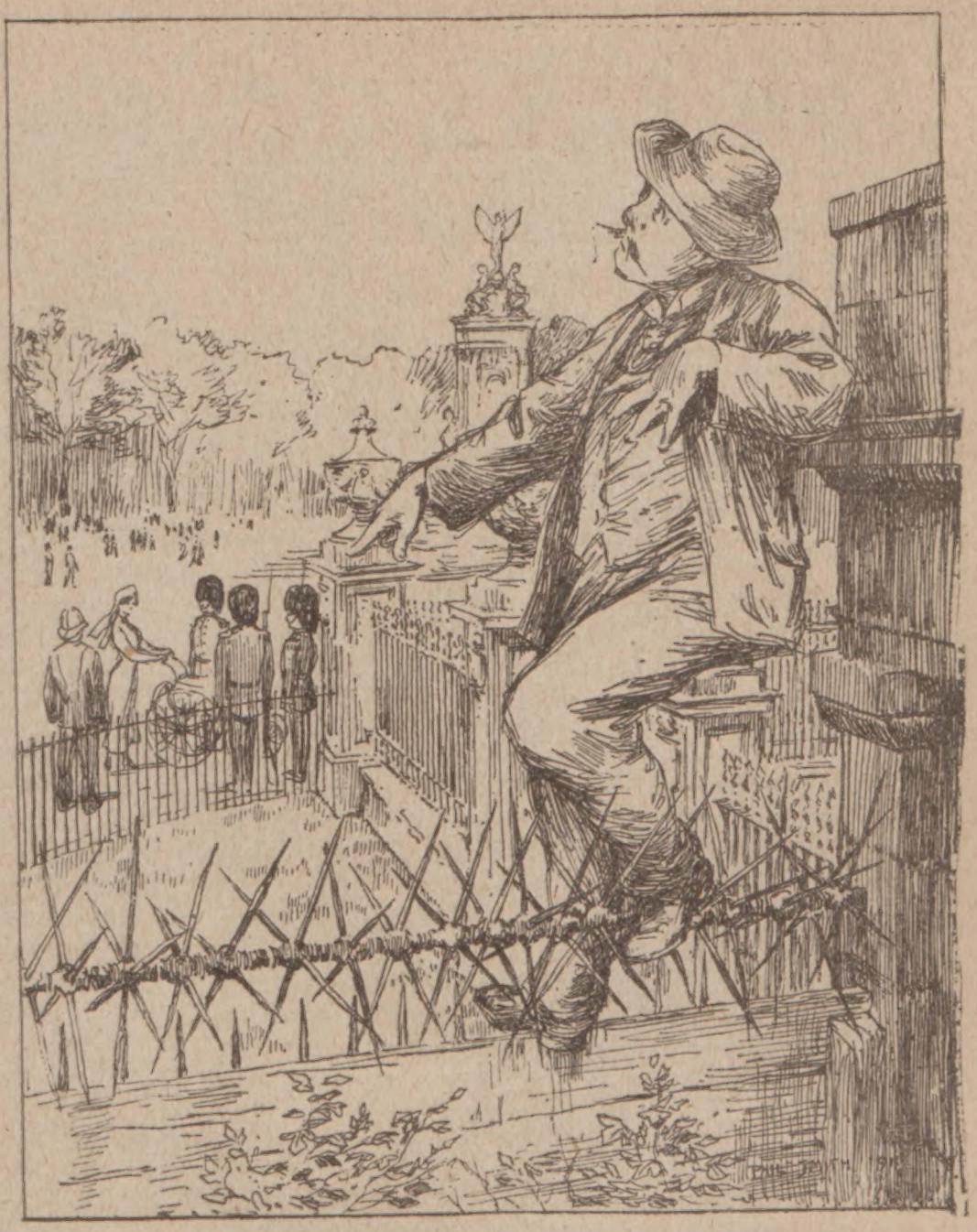
No Revival of the Buckingham Dukedom Likely.

The pathos of it was that the Duke, who had been for years on his last legs, spent the few remnants of his fortune to provide sumptuous hospitality for the Queen, when she unexpectedly announced her intention of going down to Stowe House. The Duke, however, fell from grace as soon as his financial downfall was accomplished; and Her Majesty did not invite him to the Chapter of the Garter. The offended Duke went, in spite of the Queen, and much to Her Majesty's mortification. His daughter is the Baroness Kinloss, who still has Stowe House, one of the most magnificent palaces in this country. There is no probability of the Buckingham and Chandos dukedoms ever being revived.

* * *

The Pragger Wagger and His Bible.

It will interest his future loyal and affectionate subjects to learn that the Prince of Wales is following his father's example of reading a chapter from the Bible every day. This is his Royal Highness's first duty on getting out of bed. He has been known to take his Bible into his bath with him these hot mornings. There is a good percentage of "religious men" at Magdalen, and there is no fear of the Pragger Wagger being scoffed at for his devotion to the religion in which he has been rather surfeited ever since he was born.



MR. HARRY PIKE IN "THE ONLY WAY" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.
The King evinced particular interest in the programme.

Religion at Magdalen College is a stiff and starchy thing, which in all likelihood will cure the Prince of any tendencies, such as old George III. displayed, of allowing his mind to dwell too keenly upon it. Amongst the stiffest things about Magdalen College religion is its crack choir. This is a paid institution, such as only an Oxford College would go in for, but it is worth the money. Whereby hangs a story.

* * *

The Prince Keeping His Chapels in Exemplary Fashion.

A visitor to Oxford went to hear the Magdalen choir, and when the anthem began himself burst into tune in unison. Wildly the verger crept up to him and pulled his sleeve. "S'sh! s'sh!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Don't make a noise!" "Make a noise!" said the amateur vocalist, "Why, surely this is the House of God, and I was only joining in the hymn of Praise!" "House o' God! House o' God!" said the verger, in astonishment. "Why, what are you talking about? This is Magdalen College Chapel! You mustn't sing here." That was in the time of the present organist's predecessor. What Dr. Varley Roberts would say about anybody competing in vocalism with his paid choir we do not know. He would probably have a fit! Anyhow, I learn that the Prince of Wales keeps his chapels in most exemplary fashion. I am getting fearful of the Pragger Wagger! I hear too much that is good of him. I fear the reaction when he is "let out!"

"Lord" and "Lady" Robert Patterson.

One reads funny things in the "sixpennies" sometimes. *Vanity Fair* for instance, has lately been providing society with some unintended mirth. "Lord and Lady Robert Patterson," amongst others. Up till now, nobody of the name of Patterson has been entitled to be called "Lord," but *Vanity Fair* provides you with pictures of his Lordship and "Lady Robert," so the dear old rag itself has no doubt about his Lordship's and her Ladyship's existence. However, the only person of title of that name is one of the daughters of the Earl of Huntingdon, who made a romantic marriage with a gentleman from Singapore, a Mr. Graham Paterson, and has been for years known to society as "Lady Rowena Paterson."

* * *

Vanity Fair appears to have but the vaguest ideas about society personalia, and is not very clear even about the Royal Family. The Duchess of Albany, for instance, becomes the "Duchess of Claremont." These items, of course, are only what one might expect, since *Vanity Fair* is now run by Americans, who can't very well be expected to know much about British aristocracy. Society, therefore, can afford to smile sweetly at the errors of Mr. Hearst's sub-editors.

* * *

The "Telegraph" Falls Foul of Queen Alexandra.

The most responsible papers sometimes trot out points about Royalty without an atom of justification. The *Daily Telegraph* was last Tuesday responsible for the statement, which Queen Alexandra compelled Mr. Le Sage to retract next morning, that Her Majesty intended "accompanying her sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, when she leaves this country for Russia at the end of the month." Readers of *Modern Life* know, of course, that such a visit is impossible in the present relations of the Tsar and King George.

* * *

It was the *Telegraph*, too, we believe, which helped to circulate the silly statement some months ago that the Tsar was "coming on a visit to England this summer." *Modern Life* gave the report a flat contradiction, based upon superior knowledge, and the Tsar hasn't come. On May 2nd we stated, "We have no faith in the reports that the Tsar is coming to England this summer. We know enough of the relations of the Russian and British Imperial families to know that such a visit is absolutely impossible!" And that is the position still.

* * *

The Parson of Hatfield and His People.

Up to now no angry word has appeared from the pen of the Marquess of Salisbury at the fine of half-a-crown inflicted upon his son, Viscount Cranborne, for playing bicycle-polo in Merton Street, Oxford. How different it would have been had such a dire punishment been inflicted upon Lord Salisbury's brother's son. The Rector of Hatfield, Lord William Cecil, is a proud parson who grows a crisp, curly beard, and bears a striking likeness to most of the classic pictures of the Christ. But this additional touch to the "Rev." in no way interferes with his Lordship's fine idea of the importance of his family. Some people may think the Rev. Lord William should be commended for standing by his undergraduate sons in the way he does, but that is a matter of opinion.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

He: "I think we'll tie up here. We've got this island all to ourselves."
She: "Oh, I see now."
He: "Why, what's the matter?"
She: "I'd been wondering where the dangerous part of punting came in."

"I THINK I COULD KEEP HER STRAIGHTER IF YOU WERE TO SIT ROUND THE OTHER WAY."

High-Bred Undergraduates at Oxford.

Anyway, some years ago Lord William Cecil had a son at Oxford. He was a nice boy, but with a spice of devilment in his composition—a trait, by the way, which is very unusual in the Hatfield folk. When young Will Cecil went up to Oxford, his fond father hoped he would honourably maintain the reputation of that great Sir Will. Cecil, who was Queen Bess's chief man, and the first Lord Burleigh. But young Will had a common strain in him from some remote ancestor that kept him solidly "up" against the proctors—and the police! When the latter dared to put their low hands upon the Hatfield fresher, his fond father at once bitterly complained in the *Times* about the indignities nowadays offered by "the lower classes to high-bred undergraduates!"

* * *

No Sympathy with Cecilian Pride at Oxford.

It was real gall to the Rev. Lord William Cecil that at Oxford it should be necessary for "clumsy lower-class policemen to keep high-spirited gentlemen in order," and that "innocent and pure youth" should be hauled up to a police-court, with all its concomitant degradation and publicity!" However, Lord William has learnt better since then. This ill-timed letter to the *Times* brought down upon young Cecil such a storm of sarcasm from his brother undergraduates that the poor fellow was almost ragged into further trouble, until at last, out of sheer desperation, he made things so hot at Oxford that he was finally "sent down"—in other words, expelled from the University.

And the end of him was what you might have expected. At the height of the Tango mania he turned up amongst the k'nuts in the chorus on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. And Lord Cranborne seems to be maintaining the facetiousness of the "Younger Generation" of the Cecils at Oxford, for when arrested for bicycle-polo-playing in the street, he told the magistrate that so far from the residents in the street being annoyed, they liked the show provided, and were entertained by it. But the point of the story is that up till now the Marquess of Salisbury has not felt hurt at his son and heir being spoken severely to by a "clumsy, lower-class policeman!"

* * *

A Society Sportswoman.

The Countess of Drogheda, who has just entered as a competitor for the ladies' singles at the world's lawn tennis championship meeting at Wimbledon, is one of the most interesting and fascinating of society's leaders. The daring spirit of adventure which stirs within her, coupled with her love of the limelight, has led her to perform some remarkable feats in her time. She is an enthusiastic golfer and an all-round sportswoman, and has often flown at Hendon with Mr. Grahame White, with whom she had made arrangements last year to fly the Channel. She has a love of the bizarre, and it was she also who decorated her London house in Wilton Crescent in a scheme of dead black, with black wall-paper, carpets, and furniture. The Countess is the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Maitland Pelham-Burn, of Prestonfield, Midlothian, and married Lord Drogheda in 1909. She is the mother of two children, a girl and a boy.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

CRICKET.

The death of A. G. Steel, one of the historic figures in the history of the national summer game of England, and the appearance at almost the same moment of a stupid attack on cricket by a famous boxing journalist in a famous daily paper, seem to make it appropriate for an old lover and player of the game to say a good word for the most beautiful of all pastimes.

And first I must say that when a boxing journalist tackles the subject of cricket, he seems to me to be getting a little "off his beat." And this particular writer, whom we will call Mr. Blank, has, indeed, given himself away in his own article in this regard, for while he claims (and rightly claims) a large and practical knowledge of many sports and games, he himself places his practical experience of cricket as "second league cricket (very little)." Now I maintain that no Colonial (which Mr. Blank happens to be), who has limited his cricket to "second league cricket (very little)," can possibly have the slightest idea of what cricket is in all its diverse and difficult ramifications. It is perhaps the game of all games that requires, if not actual experience as a really good cricketer, at any rate a cricket atmosphere from one's earliest days, allied to a minute study of the play of experts at the game. English youths, whether they become experts themselves or not, always have this. And that is why an English public school boy, even although he may only be in his second eleven, can teach just as much to Mr. Blank (and all who are not born and bred to cricket) about the beauties and glories of cricket, as the famous boxing journalist can teach most of us of the beauties and glories of the art of boxing, at which he is such an adept. Mr. Blank's point that cricket's "reception by other races seems a good test of the merits of the game" is therefore quite wide of the mark. It proves nothing as to cricket's greatness or poorness as a national game superior to all others. It just proves that cricket has so much in it of science and skill and intellectual requirements, as opposed to the brute "physical assault" idea of Mr. Blank's ideal sports and games, that it is not rapidly picked up by and adapted to the requirements of those who have not been literally bred to cricket as most Englishmen have.

Mr. Blank's idea is that the more of what he calls "physical assault" there is in a game, the more popular and the greater game it is. For instance, he places boxing at the head of what he calls "the most thrilling, popular English games," and wrestling second, and football next, then lawn tennis, and last of all, the poor and despised national summer game of England. Now I hardly think this fair. Admittedly cricket has been on the down grade for many years, but it is news to me that it is now absolutely at the bottom of the three. It is also news to me that boxing and wrestling (wrestling especially) are more popular than cricket, let alone football.

Mr. Blank seems to glory in the fact that cricket has not in it much of the primitive brute fighting instinct of boxing and suchlike thrilling things of "physical assault." Of course it hasn't. That is exactly why those of us who have studied and played a good deal of cricket glory in its superiority to all other games, while at the same time we admire immensely both the scientific side of boxing and football, and also their "physical assault" side. But we say that boxing and football have perhaps just a shade too much of this "physical assault" business, and cricket just enough to make of it, with all its wonderful science and skill, almost the ideal game, at any rate for Englishmen. We are not going to admit for a moment that "thrills" are the test of a game, much less "physical assault." You might just as well say that the old melodramas, or even dramas, of twenty years ago were superior to the artistic work of Ibsen or John Galsworthy, because they had more thrills in them. It's a proper balance that we want both in games and art. In which connection I cannot for a moment admit Mr. Blank's thesis that sports and games should be universal in their application, like art. Mr. Blank is comparing two entirely incomparable things. My conception is that a game should be tested and tried by the peculiar charactertistics of the people who have made it, through long processes of evolution, part and parcel of their national character. If it represents their national temperament, it is their best national game, when it has developed to the extent of becoming almost bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, and no temporary lack of popularity can alter this state of affairs. The only thing that can alter it is the alteration of the national character and traditions, and I shall be very much surprised if wrestling and lawn tennis, with all their indubitable power and good qualities, can do that.

Mr. Blank says that cricketers say that their game is the most exciting of all games, but that to him lawn tennis is the most fascinating. But cricketers don't say anything of the kind—not the cricketers I have known and played with. We make no claim whatever that cricket is "fascinating," and we have no desire that it should be. That is a quality that we prefer to leave to lawn tennis and the ladies. What we claim is that cricket is intellectually intensely attractive (quite a different thing), and, in addition, has quite sufficient of the robust, physical business to satisfy most athletic humans, as it has in the past satisfied many of the finest athletes England has ever produced. And while we claim a good deal of intellectual excitement for cricket, and quite enough for a perfect mental-physical game, we glory in the fact that excitement is not the be-all and end-all of its existence, and are content to take second place in this regard to football and baseball and other games. We submit that there is "more in" cricket than there is in other games—that it requires for its perfection more and more varied qualities, intellectual and physical combined, than any other open-air game that was ever invented. That is our submission, and we are content to stand or fall upon it.

Mr. Blank, like most of the strenuous gentlemen from the new countries of the Empire, wants thrills in his games all the time. He seems to look upon speeding-up as the essential requirement. Well, if more of that sort of thing is wanted, it can easily be got out of cricket by making all matches, big and little, one-day affairs—one innings each, and each batsman limited to, say, forty minutes or an hour. It is only the slowness of three-day matches that is killing cricket. There is nothing wrong with the game itself. It is the quick, lively, risky, beautifully attractive cricket of A. G. Steel that is wanted. It made Lancashire cricket "hum" a quarter of a century ago, and it would do the same for English cricket to-day.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Are all the pictures which appear in a certain picture paper as genuine as they look, and is not one "doubtful" photograph being made the subject of a Court action?

* * *

How was the ptomaine poisoning case at the big London restaurant kept so very quiet?

* * *

Who were the two young motorists who created such a sensation near the Terrace at Richmond the other night?

* * *

Is it true that a particularly distressing case of leprosy has occurred in Mayfair?

* *

If someone is not saving up his money to put a new front on the dirty sides of Buckingham Palace?

* *

Who is the famous politician who is in fear and trembling lest he should be cited in a forthcoming divorce petition?

* *

What did the actress say when the pawnbroker discovered that the rope of "pearls," given her by the peer's son were fakes?

* *

Why does the city tobacconist present the policeman with a box of cigars once a week, and how many times has he been raided already?

* *

When did the authorities get wind of the Suffragette plot to kidnap Master Anthony Asquith?

* * *

If Lee of Notts and Perrin of Essex ought not to play cricket for the "sauce" county?

* * *

What has become of that dashing young aviator, Sidney Pickles, who got slightly "mixed" when he fell into the sea last year?

* * *

If the Duke of Connaught is altogether delighted at the prospect of becoming Viceroy of Ireland?

* * *

If Willy Clarkson has kept the biscuit which Queen Mary offered to "Wiggy" at the dog show?

* * *

If Mr. Asquith really has been talking about "the distinction of an unadorned name," and if he will ever succeed in persuading retired soap merchants that a plain Mr. is more *distingué* than a mere knight?

The Rabbit (recounting his cricket experiences): "Last season I was hit on the head by a ball and was knocked senseless."
She: "Dear me! And when do you expect to recover?"

Who were the two well-known public men of obscure origin who refused the honour of a baronetcy?

* * *

If the popular novelist is aware that the young lady who was formerly his private secretary has been palming off several of his unpublished short stories, slightly altered, as her own work?

* * *

If the nursemaid in St. James's Park would not have been greatly surprised if someone had told her that the strange gentleman who bestowed sixpence upon her little charge in the blue velvet knickerbockers was no other than Prince Christian himself?

* *

If Miss Phyllis Bedells has yet made up her mind whether she will change her name for a very curious Russian one which ends with "sky"?

* *

The nature of the private cinema show at Chiswick, to which "no ladies are admitted," and if a certain police officer does not make a very good thing out of it?

* *

If Prince Henry is not having excellent sport with his new air-gun, and if it was altogether respectful of him to use his sister's old garden-hat as a target?

* *

If Pavlova has once more "fallen out" with Novikoff, and if the latter has declared that he will never dance with her again when his present contract has expired?

* * *

If Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson are not the objects of considerable local interest at Bushey Heath just now?

* * *

Who is the "scion of nobility" who has been plucked for his Army exam. for putting too many g's in baggage-waggon?

* * *

The nature of the quarrel between the sporting baronet and the press agent, and if the exchange girl enjoyed the "fine and fruity" conversation that took place over the telephone wires the other Sunday evening?

* * *

Why a certain eccentric Russian Count is making such an extensive purchase of antique furniture from the shop in Wardour Street?

MORE OR LESS.

The Dizzy Waltz.

I hear the waltz is coming in again. Of course, they had to christen it anew to please that fickle mob called "fashion." So they have labelled it—of all names in the world—the "Hesitation" dance. A waltz is anything but a hesitation. A good floor, a good partner, and Strauss, and I wager any woman would go a trip to the moon and back without emulating Lot's wife and looking back, for a waltz is the most delicious thing imaginable. More than the world goes round when the music stops. Your turkey trots, your tangos, your ragtime, are the merest child's guide to knowledge compared with the languorous lilt of a waltz. I wouldn't mind wagering a stained glass saint would lose his head if he danced the "Blue Danube" through with a girl of lilac tendencies, while a puritan maiden who had no knowledge of the A.B.C. of love would, at the conclusion of her first waltz, be able to reach the letter Z without any trouble.

You remember in "Faust" Marguerite takes the wrong turning by way of a waltz song. Yes, a waltz is one of the few indiscretions of life that make it worth the living.

Rat-a-tat-tat.

Has it ever struck any of you, I wonder, what a romantic person a postman really is? You meet him sometimes, an uninteresting-looking individual, emerge with a packet of correspondence in his hand, and the odds are you never think of the sheaf of love and trouble and pain and pleasure that dull-looking packet holds. Here is a broken heart for No. 2, a crape gown for No. 3, a wedding veil for No. 5. It's wonderful what a lot you can get for a penny stamp. I have never been able to rid myself of the thrill of the postman's knock. Always I wonder what fate will leave me on the mat. Generally a bill, by the way, but who knows what—some day? And, anyway, it isn't so much what you get in life as what you expect to get that keeps you going.

The Non-Conductor Frock.

White is awfully cool wear for summer, isn't it? And a girl in white from tip to toe nearly always looks irresistible to masculinity. There is something virginal about white that appeals to the male mind, which always expects its feminine belongings to spend their spare time gathering lilies. I'm awfully fond of white myself, you can look such a lot in it without being really anything. It doesn't commit you at all one way or another. But at the same time, I can't help thinking white is terribly indiscreet wear, for June at least. June, as I am sure you all know, is the acknowledged month for lovers. They spring like mushrooms out of the grass wherever you go, and if one crosses any open space at night, one feels bound to cough apologetically. The fault I have against white is, that it does show up so. A white frock against a dark background is a beacon to draw the sight. You simply can't miss it. It's all very well for woman to look like a daisy—she isn't one, of course; even a daisy shuts up at night—but it's awkward for her young man when an arm round a white waist can be spotted a mile off. If I was an engaged girl and took moonlight strolls with whatever his name might be, I think I should choose to wear black or grey or some dark unobtrusive colour that would act as a kind of non-conductor to the great moon and the casual passer-by.

RIVER GIRLS: ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

Mob Caps.

Lots of people think we are civilised. I know better. We are just as much barbarians as when we wore woad, and weren't troubled with dressmakers and tailors. Underneath the feminine heart (corseted) and the male one (to the best of my belief untrammelled) lies the longing for blood, the fierce desire to hurt that belonged to our ancestors. Mob law is the name we give to it now. We had an exhibition of it a few days ago, when a sympathiser with the suffragettes escaped from its hands after a terrible struggle. "They meant to lynch me," he said. And I quite believe they did. Mob law is a Minotaur that will swallow all the suffragettes if it once gets thoroughly out of control. The new kind of woman despises the old kind of man. She thinks she can do all he does so much better, but she would be wise just now if, instead of wanting to be Adam, she was content to be just one of his Eves. Otherwise—well, of course, it would be nice not to have any suffragettes left.

Louise Heilgers.

THE HOUSE-BOAT SEASON.

Did you ever hear of a man named Noah?

There are many details in the history of that gentleman worthy of note, but perhaps his foremost claim to fame was that he was the pioneer of the modern house-boat.

He did not bring it to perfection, of course. His idea of a houseboat was too comprehensive for present-day fastidious tastes. He was a large-hearted Nature-lover, and took aboard his house-boat quite a well assorted zoo. Lions and tigers one might forgive and forget—though they are rather uncomfortable things to have about the house—but Noah took slugs, caterpillars, and blackbeetles. . . .

Quite unnecessarily, I think.

He did not have any of our modern aids to a joyous time, either. The gramophone wasn't invented yet—Noah was lucky even if he wasn't handsome—and pierrots hadn't any ragtime to learn, so had to content themselves with Gregorian chants, set to Araratavian lyrics, a combination which sounds better than they do, if you follow me. Consequently Noah had to spend his time inventing the jokes so largely used by our music-hall comedians and popular press. Of course, when he told them to Shem, Ham, and Japhet it is probable that they laughed—they were fresh then—which possibly accounts for the fact that they didn't form a combination to down the old man.

Mrs. Noah, we must presume, didn't have any say in the matter at all. She was probably a hard-working woman with the cooking and the washing to do, besides having to mend the holes in Shem's stockings. And no doubt she had to fill in her leisure by seeing that the newt didn't quarrel with the earwig. This would naturally not leave her much time for anecdotage. Apparently she was quite a negligible quantity in the *ménage*, for curiously enough we do not even know her name. History is silent. It might have been Fanny or Sophonisba—but for her sake I hope it wasn't.

That's all about Noah.

Now to come to the modern houseboat.

A houseboat is a successful essay in the art of getting the greatest amount of discomfort in the smallest amount of space. It is usually moored at Maidenhead, not that the river is wetter there than at Barking Creek, but because Mr. George Edwardes thinks the air there is more suitable to the throats of his employees.

When staying on a houseboat as an invited guest, you usually find that you have left your pyjamas in town, have packed two shaving brushes and no razor, and your evening clothes minus one shoe, but plus six coloured shirts and three soft collars. That puts you three up and one to play. You appeal to your host, who lends you a white shirt, size 16, and you remember, with a sickening thud, that your collars are 15 and a half. In the circumstances you do the best you can, which is either to leave your collar undone on one side, or fold your neck up in several untidy pleats, each of which will be held securely in place by the two articles of attire in conspiracy, or abandon the collar, and wear a silk neckerchief.

Or, if you are very brilliant, you buy fresh garments.

Coming on deck for the first time, you are requested to admire the view. To do so appreciatively, you step back . . . . and back . . . . and back . . . . .

Mr. Beetle: "My word! I shall have to hustle. It's getting dreadfully dark."

Then it is necessary to rub yourself down briskly and wring out the Thames slime from your clothes. . . . . The only pretty girl in all the gladsome throng, the one for whose smile you long and yearn, is she who is most amused at your discomfiture.

One of the amusements you will be expected to indulge in is to take a girl—nearly always the one you don't want—in a boat, and punt her up the river. The more especially if you can neither row nor punt. In punting, the correct thing to do is to dig the pole down hard, cling to it remorselessly . . . and as the boat slides gradually away, and the girl trills with the happy careless laughter of youth, look as if you were enjoying yourself. . . . You will be rescued before you have got very wet, unless you are very unlucky.

In rowing the idea is different. You put the handles of the oars as far in front of you as possible, and lean forward. If you are lucky you get the other ends of the oars in the water and pull them right round, which will send the boat forward four inches, and give you four corns on your hands. If not, the oars come back suddenly, the girl is drenched with the splash, you hit yourself a violent blow on your chin, or anywhere handy, say "damn!" drop the oars over the side, and try to look as if it was all a joke, specially invented by you for the occasion.

And all this because Margate wasn't near enough for Noah to take his wife and family for their annual holiday.

An altogether futile old gentleman.

Sydney Ernest.

BY THE WAY.

In a week crowded with the deaths of great men and women, the names of Bennet Burleigh, Brandon Thomas, Carlotta Addison, and A. G. Steel were foremost. Concerning the latter, we have nowhere seen recalled, in the many eulogistic notices of a bright spirit and a superb cricketer, the incident of his terrific punishment by that mighty hitter, C. I Thornton, in the match Gentlemen of England v. I Zingari at Scarborough. Thornton actually scored 107 in twenty-nine hits, including 7 sixes and 12 fours.

* * *

Mr. Burleigh, who was at heart a Socialist, witnessed the arrest of Messrs. Burns and Cunninghame Graham on that memorable Sunday, and became so wildly excited that he joined in the fray and got "run in" himself! It was after this racy little episode that the *Telegraph* quietly notified its intrepid war-special that it would like him to give politics a rest.

* * *

Until the commencement of his last fatal illness, Bennet Burleigh was a popular and familiar figure in the smoke-room of the National Liberal Club. He and his friend, ex-Detective-Inspector Melville (a neighbour of his on Clapham Common), were present at the dinner given by the Club to the late W. M. Thompson, the editor of *Reynolds's*, at which John Burns was the principal speaker. Mr. Burns caused a roar by playfully recalling the events of "Bloody Sunday" in 1887, "where," said he, "at least one of those I now see present"—indicating Mr. Melville, who sat there covered with medals and confusion—"was doing his level best to arrest us."

* * *

While it is good to have Miss Olga Nethersole with us again after her "twenty-seven weeks and 30,000 miles" in the U.S.A., we hope she will find a rôle better suited to her great powers than Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson's "The Termagant," which she did at His Majesty's during one of the touring absences of Sir H. B. Tree. Miss Nethersole, who made her professional début (in Harry Hamilton's "Harvest") as long ago as '87, has of late years made much more money in America—which she has visited at least half a dozen times before—than over here. In this, however, she resembles other leading British actors (e.g., Lewis Waller), dramatists, and novelists.

* * *

The memoirists of Mr. Brandon Thomas were delightfully divergent in their statements, giving, for instance, the deceased dramatist's age at anything between 50 and 70. His introduction to the stage happened in a curious manner. One of his "visual organs" being a bit "out of drawing," he left Hull for London to have it placed in accurate geometrical position. He took advantage of his excursion to call upon Mrs. Kendal, by whom he was subsequently engaged at 30s. per week, with "Charles, a Servant," as principal work. Private engagements as an elocutionist enabled him to keep himself in monocles. On the house programmes he was printed as "Mr. Brandon," and doing nothing in particular he did it very well. The foregoing is his own version of "How I became a celebrity." In his young days "Bran" was something of a "mash." It is, perhaps, interesting to recall his first published effort in authorship. This was a serial story which saw light in the *Victoria Magazine*, conducted by Miss Emily Faithfull, who in these times would probably have been a violent Vandal.

* * *

Why haven't the Wild Women started on our great cricket grounds? We are not suggesting that they should do so, but it is timely to recall an occasion when certain malcontents (who were never traced) did wanton damage to a famous ground. This was at the Adelaide Oval in 1888. G. F. Vernon's team had totalled 382 (W. W. Read 188), and South Australia had responded with 143. During that night, some person or persons deliberately watered the wicket and cut out bits of the turf! The Australian captain, Geo.

WATER LILIES.

HOW TO MAKE THE FLAPPER USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.

...n, offered to continue play on a fresh pitch, ...t the Englishmen generously consented to go on ...h a damaged one. The sequel was amusing, ... anyone had been betting on the result he was ...dished." For after lunch the wicket rapidly dried, ...d thanks to Giffen (203) and Godfrey (119) the ...olonials' second total reached 493 and the match ... drawn.

* * *

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson has raised a ...orm about his devoted and devotional head by ...turing in praise of the novels of "Lucas Malet." ...hat gifted lady is, as you know, Charles Kingsley's ...ngest daughter. She is also Mrs. Mary St. ...ger Harrison, and a convert to Roman Cathol- ...sm. "Mgr. Benson must have forgotten or have ...en ignoraut of the fact," says one indignant ...olic critic, "that one of her books is full of ...at St. Paul says should not be so much as named ...mong Christians—it seems curious, too, as coming ...m a Monsignor." Whereupon *America*, ...e organ of the Society of Jesus in New ... ments that Mgr. Benson considers "Lucas ... to have "improved ethically since her con- ...ersion. What the lecturer praised was the artistic ...onstruction of her stories. An immoral novel ...nds against true art." Does it, though?

* * *

... rough luck if the Worcestershire ... go under" from lack of public sup- ... is quite on the cards that this may come to ..., and that the professional and ground staff will ...e to be disbanded. Last season's receipts ex- ...ded £1,000, but even with the strictest economy ...his was found to be inadequate, having regard to ... embarrassed position of the club's finances. If ... proves anything at all, it shows that the accident ...f one great cricketing family making the name and ...me of a side is by way of being a dangerous pre- ...edent. All the same, are there not sufficient well-to-do supporters of the game in "Fostershire" to provide the necessary guarantee? Apparently, not.

* * *

Madame Cécile Chaminade, whose recital on the 30th June is by way of being such a brilliant society function, is one of those composers of international fame whose genius is as eclectic as it is world-wide. Indeed, her delicious songs are just as familiar here as in her native France, and a London season without a concert from her would be a practical impossibility. As an interpreter of her own works to the pianoforte, Mdme. Chaminade is a dear delight, and a supreme artiste. She is an unusual example of a French composer enjoying a practically equal vogue on this side of the Channel.

* * *

A correspondent "wants to know you know" what we mean by speaking of William III.'s "Horse Grenadiers" at the Boyne. Has our friend never heard of Stonewall Jackson's "Foot Cavalry?" In the American Civil War, that great leader's Virginians made such extraordinary marching exertions that they were often ahead of the cavalry. On those forced marches, General Jackson would make his men not merely sit down, but lie down, whenever a halt was called. "When a man lies down," said he, "he rests all over."

* * *

The doubts experienced in certain quarters as to the reliability of Mr. Roosevelt's new discoveries and explorations "down under" recall the somewhat similar experience of Sir H. Stanley when he gave his earlier lectures in London. Stanley frequently spoke of "my bearers proving mutinous, so I had some of them shot," etc., until at last a member of the audience got up and said: "If I drew a revolver and shoot the lecturer dead, they'll hang me—what's the difference?" That interrupter was Mr. H. H. Champion, who subsequently became chief of the Independent Labour Party, and one of the leaders in the great London dock strike of 1889.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Gibraltar out of work." Unless employment is found it will soon be on the rock.

* * *

"Earl Russell's suit fails," says a headline. A belted earl should be careful that the buckle is fixed properly.

* * *

It is reported that a shark, sixteen feet long, gave a swimming show round the boat of some Littlehampton anglers. What a whopper!

* * *

An Austrian aviator has shaved himself at a great height. We presume he was illustrating the old coon song, "Dere'll be razors a-flyin' in de air."

* * *

An American doctor believes that he has found the "missing link" in a Finnish immigrant. It will be good to learn that the search has come to a Finnish.

* * *

Evening News headline: "Conductor knocked down by low railway arch." We don't see how they are going to improve matters by slanging the railway arch.

* * *

"The cause of misunderstanding among the nations," says Lord Shaw, "is not so much a bad heart as an uninformed head." But what about the liver?

* * *

The Leeds Stipendiary suggests that itinerant vendors of newspapers on Sundays should carry a small banner. Interest in the sale would then be unflagging.

* * *

Women weep at weddings, says Prof. G. E. Schlessinger, because they instinctively remember the time when weddings were tragedies. Wherefore the married ones think of their own.

* * *

Lakes are unquestionably the proper place for ducks. Now that the suffragettic ones are gaining practical knowledge of this, they will perhaps ponder their position, and sing their swan-song.

* * *

"I enjoy a lot more to cross the Strand than to walk in a lonely country lane," says Signor Martinetti. But we don't know, as the flapper said. There are times when the country lane has its advantages.

* * *

The widow of a Tottenham painter has been awarded £292 as compensation for the death of her husband. He was working on a ladder, which was blown over. Then the woman took the necessary steps.

* * *

The Home Counties Public House Trust, Limited, are acquiring buildings having an archæological interest. This is refreshing—to the antiquarian. Clients generally would be content were the quality of age confined to the wine and whisky.

* * *

"I have so often wondered why so few women realise the importance of seeing to it that the particular sort of corsets they buy are exactly and precisely the sort of corsets best suited to their figure," says a daily. We have spent many sleepless nights over that very problem ourselves, but we think we are slowly but surely feeling our way towards a solution.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Fine feathers make bad words—when the bi comes in.

* * *

A woman is most likely to be a good listener when you don't think she can overhear.

* * *

There are two kinds of women—those who nice and those who are not very.

* * *

You cannot expect a goose to lay golden eggs if you do not provide it with a comfortable nest.

* * *

Never trouble to find out the truth about a woman; she is sure to let it out herself in time.

* * *

There are many people who are willing to pay any price for experience—until the bill comes in.

* * *

When there's "something doing" on the Stock Exchange, there's usually a whole lot being done.

* * *

When a woman argues with a man that platonic friendship is possible, it means she is asking him to prove the reverse.

* * *

Life's little worries consist mainly of two things—firstly, worrying to get something; secondly, worrying to get rid of it.

* * *

The Suffragettes who become so enthusiastic in their comparisons of the picture smashers and Joan of Arc should remember that there was also Martha Washington. She let George do it.

Only two women students were among the wr lers this year. Militancy seems to be dying out.

* * *

The Welsh school children who set fire to their class-room were evidently bent upon making light of their studies.

* * *

"Courteous Lad" won a race at Hurst Park. But he couldn't have been so very courteous or he would have allowed the others to go first.

* * *

"Could anything be more dangerous than teaching anybody to read?" asks Mr. Bernard Shaw. No, not since Mr. Shaw started writing.

* * *

A Liverpool judge remarked that Elizabeth Jubilee Roberts was "a very awkward name to give a lady." Naturally! It makes it so easy to guess her age.

* * *

A young man in a recent divorce case stated he "fell in love with the lady's leg when he first saw her in a slit skirt." Another case of calf-love.

* * *

Willie Ritchie, the world's champion light-weight boxer, has amassed a goodly pile and says he is "still after the dollars." There is something in name after all. But then his next opponent is called Welsh. Will he, Willie?

* * *

The *Star*, referring to the *Daily Mail* air-race to Manchester, remarks, "Lord Carbery, who flew to Birmingham at a speed of 89 miles an hour, then retired from the race raving damaged one of the wings of his machine." Of course one must have a "full-stop" after "raving."

THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR DARLING (LICKING HIS LIPS IN ANTICIPATION): "AH! THAT'S THE SORT OF GIRL I LIKE. A VERY WELL REGULATED MIND!"

IN STAGELAND.

It was all in the cause of charity! And there were things to be seen at this wonderful garden-party of Mr. Anslow Austin's far more surprising than precisely the same things veiled by the orthodox shade of limelight, and that distance which the bards tell us sometimes lends enchantment to the view. Some effects, daring enough in all conscience by artificial light and in the toned atmosphere of a large entertainment hall, were just about the cold-blooded outside edge in the glare of a June afternoon, doing its best to behave itself as part of a well-bred midsummer day should.

* * *

Particularly glad am I that I was able to spend a little time in the Palais de Danse—about the best appreciated of all the attractive side shows, so far as I could see. Here the bright Alhambra personalities were holding a sort of organised riot in twenty minute spasms. Lee White, as fascinating an artiste as may be found in England at the moment, I believe, was every whit as attractive in this canvas booth, under the awkward intimate conditions that prevailed, as she is nightly in "Not Likely." Maurice, of Maurice and Florence Walton, the really incomparable ball-room dancers, was cursing to me about the heat, and not looking as if he was suffering in the slightest—I suppose it isn't his business to perspire, really, no matter what he feels like. Bobby Hale, in a raucous voice, and a rottenly cut morning coat, was selling by auction an oil painting by Miss Connie Ediss. Jack Morison was dancing with Miss Phyllis Monkman—but she must have a paragraph to herself.

* *

You remember me telling you about those wonderful dresses Miss Monkman manages to get so far out of. Well, fancy sitting about four yards or so away from this very fresh and attractive young person, watching her dance with Morrison in quite a daringly average sample outfit *in broad noon-day sunlight*. It all depends how you are built, of course, but a sweet youth with a callow air, very correctly dressed, and with a most incorrect complexion, was telling all who cared to listen that it was indeed worth many half-crowns. But then he was getting more than his money's worth, you see. For myself, I must admit that, had my own interest not been subdivided by a clever young author and dear little Cora Goffin, who were with me at the moment, and my desire to keep my eye on Lawrie Grossmith mixing me a cocktail in the immediate rear, Satan might have got me in his toils, and I might have gone right round on the spot and pretended that I had immediate business to discuss. Anyway, if comparison is permissible, where such super-excellence of talent and willingness of spirit is concerned, I think the Palais de Danse won the palm for sheer attractiveness by a short head.

* * *

There are some cute people who keep their eyes well open to the lapsing of valuable copyrights in plays. I was honoured by a visit from a gentleman not long since who assured me that if I would invest £500, he could find the rest necessary to stage a revival of a substantial success that would certainly repeat itself. The play, it was pointed out, would shortly become public property, and the first to revive it would reap the benefit. This visit was with reference to "A Scrap of Paper." It is going strong at the Criterion, as you can see, and is just being prepared for tour, so there's another secret of the profession that is your own property for keeps.

* * *

Baron Henri de Rothschild, the amateur dairyman, who has been shot at and injured by a professional ditto, is the gentleman who was concerned in the Garrick Theatre fracas, when the progressive and eminently Yankee Hansen thought, like many another of his ingenuous theatrical compatriots, that a little taste of his own particular brand of "hustle" wouldn't do us any harm. So he fell out with Bourchier in the little matter of the production of Baron Rothschild's "Crœsus," as you may remember, with the comic result of the storming of the Garrick about which our artist waxed so merry on this page some months back.

W. R. C. B.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HYDROPLANE.

"Great things from little causes spring."

A RIVERSIDE RESCUE.

"Now, Frank, don't forget. The watery grave stunt is our only earthly. Foozle it, and two loving hearts will be severed for ever and aye. Just as I round the bend, mind!"

"Sure, Beryl darling. I'll be right there."

Beryl Fairfax sent her skiff forward, and at three lengths' distance the outrigger was in her wake.

It was a picture which the craziest of Futurists would have hesitated to distort by his cubic eccentricities—a typical, modern, up-to-date girl, given to slang but no swear words, a girl glowing with health and beauty, an athletic girl; the man an embodiment of lithe strength and a face whose clear-cut features said "What I'm out for I'm going to get." The two in a glorious environment of leafy green and liquid silver.

She was the daughter of Colonel Fairfax, retired —and widower. He, Frank Gerison, was a prolific producer of fiction which drew myriads of [illegible] into his "7d. net."

They had been all in all to each other since last [illegible] Henley, but sorrowfully recognised that the [illegible] paternal approval was shut off. Courage and virility were the two qualities appealing to the Colonel's "soft side" and the printed piffle of the young fellow who had boated and bounded into Beryl's favour was, he declared, but enfeebling and undermining the energies of the nation. Of a truth [illegible] were happy stories, but then, as Frank enblushingly urged, soppiness brought in the shekels.

The Colonel stood at the bottom of the lawn which sloped gently down to the Thames from his villa at Bourne End. He was watching eagerly for the coming of his daughter. A jutting hillock hid the up-portion of the river from the gaze but, the bend once negotiated, there was a straight row in of about a hundred yards.

He was hungry for his daughter, to say nothing of the alluring luncheon which had been spread in the dining room for half-an-hour. In the *Times* there were fresh evidences that the Army was "Damme sir, going to the dogs, because"—because he himself, perhaps, was not at its head. Also Barrabaloogas had dropped three quarters, and he had been advised to operate for a rise. His stock-broker was an ass.

"Here she is!" he exclaimed, as the nose of the skiff poked itself into view. "Why, what the ——. By George, she's over!"

There was no doubt about it. She had foolishly fluttered her tiny handkerchief, an oar had slipped from her grasp, and in her effort to recover it she had vacated the boat and taken up watery quarters.

"She can't swim an ounce!" cried the agonised old man, as he deposited his eye-glass in his vest pocket, and an expression of heroic determination to do or die glimmered in his bulbous eyes. Excitement had robbed him of the knowledge that he had as much chance of emerging from the watery deeps as a snowball in Hades has of preserving its consistency.

However, he did not seek death. Another craft hove in sight, as sailor-men say, and from it there leapt the flanneled figure of a man. The girl rose to the surface, and seized something which was dancing its way along. It was her rescuer's "boater"—demonstration of the adage that a drowning person will catch at a straw.

The Colonel experienced the joy of seeing the "apple of his eye" in the safe hold of a gallant stranger, who, after a few powerful side-strokes, laid his lovely burden at the old man's patent leathers.

"'Well, I'm d——d, if it isn't that young jackanapes who scribbles all that confounded nonsense."

"At yours and Miss Beryl's service, sir. That you still have a daughter is due to the fact that, in this instance, at all events, the pen is mightier than the sword. See, she is reviving. In the care of her maid, within half an hour she will be none the worse for her involuntary bath."

"Well, well, it's an infernally awkward thing, young man. But I'm not blind, and I can be just. In a certain sense Beryl belongs to you. Here James"—he turned to one of the servants who had assembled—"show this gentleman to a room where he can wring himself, and get outside some of Capt. Richard's mufti things. Some of you carry your young mistress to the house.

"That shall be my office, sir," interjected Frank. He raised Beryl from the turf with the minimum of ease; seeing that she was in the dead-weighty condition, and with her arm round his neck, which she was covertly pinching, was soon trekking for the villa.

"Luncheon will be delayed and you will join us," the Colonel called to Frank. "Take a strong peg of whiskey."

"It's all a mys'try to me, sir," remarked James quietly as he displayed a morning suit belonging to the Colonel's son. "You see, sir, Miss Beryl can swim like a fish, she can. Her maid has no secrets from yours truly, and she informed me that last year, unbeknown like, her mistress took lessons from a famous professor of natation, as he called hisself, and became a dabster at the game."

Frank looked him squarely in the face, and thought he discerned something which was more than a twitch of an eye. It was a decided wink.

"You must be mistaken. Now look here, James, I'm offering you" (he detached a damp five-pound note from its fellows) "a practical proof of my thanks for your assistance. I have a great regard for faithful servitors, James, and am accustomed to show it. As for Miss Beryl, you now know that she cannot swim. But she will soon, James, she will soon. I will teach her myself." HAL VICKE.

Dr. J. Stafford's report on the oyster industry is alarming. It says that "the fifth generation of descendants from a single female oyster would make more than eight worlds as large as the earth, even if each female laid only one brood of eggs." Britons, do your duty, and crush the invader! We did ours last night and polished off two dozen of the enemy.

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THE KING— A SPORTSMAN.

The King is quickly securing the deep affections of the sporting public. In recent months, in addition to his visits to the more important race meetings, he has been to Rugby and Association football matches, to boxing contests, and he has visited Henley. Now, during the Lords' Centenary Celebrations at the famous Maryle bone ground, he has watched first-class cricket for an hour or so. "It has given a rare fillip," we are told, these The King is such a snob as to believe the mealy-mouthed people who write so gushingly. He has been to the sports because he is a sportsman himself, and takes an absorbing interest in them, rather than with the idea of making them more popular.

He was interested in the doings of the English cricketers in South Africa, and was delighted with the results of the tour, and quite naturally felt a desire to see J. W. H. T. Douglas and his merry men at work. C. B. Fry's name is a household word in the world of sport, and His Majesty, who is, after all, a man with a lively interest in all that appertains to the open air, was pleased to be introduced to these two great cricketers. It delighted the crowd and pleased him, but it will not make first-class cricket any the less dull in the near fut

What most of us like about the King is not that he takes an interest in watching other people play games, but that he is such a good sport himself. Give him a gun, and I'll warrant he would rather have a day behind a good dog among the turnips and stubble than with beaters driving the game up to him. Give him a fishing rod and he will sh you as well as the best of his subjects how to handle the two-handed salmon rod, or the lightest of daintiest of trout tackle. And His Majesty is not averse to a little quiet float-fishing when he can find the time for it. With rod and gun he can hold his own with the most expert. It is the King as a sportsman rather than as a looker-on at games that we love.

There is a persistent rumour going the ro boxing that King George will be present at the match between Georges Carpentier and Smith at Olympia on July 16th. It is, of only a rumour, but if His Majesty is really as ested as it is said, why should he not? It help largely to stay the hands of those spoil-s who have been denouncing the game of late.

And yet I don't think it is boxing they are railing against so much as the enormous sums earned by the big men at the game. I believe—win, lose, or draw—Carpentier is guaranteed £4,500, with further contingencies, and Smith cannot be making much less than a couple of thousand. Willie Ritchie is to get £5,000 out of his match with Fred Welsh. Bombardier Wells is, I believe, to receive £2,000, whatever the result of his match with Colin Bell, and doubtless the last-named is being well rewarded. And that boastful negro, Jack Johnson, wants £6,000 before he will consent to put a foot in the ring—cash down before the contest begins. Well, he is not getting it in the match with Moran in Paris. It has been a bit of a fizzle, and I am afraid that they are fighting for the gate receipts.

Is any game worth these boxing prices? The White Sox and Giants of American baseball fame cannot earn a prize-fighter's income, and the slaves of the Football League get for a year's play what some present-day champions would sniff at for training expenses. Still, the public pay the price, and as long as the promoter gets his picking, and the public don't mind, what does it matter? I'm not one of the people who attribute the decay of the Roman Empire to the fact that the citizens of Rome were great onlookers at the gladiatorial contests. Rome failed because she could not hold her own with nations she had conquered and taught. Her victories were the cause of her defeat.

We are decadent, we are told, but we won the Polo Cup. We shall probably win our share of races at Berlin in the Olympic Games in 1916; we have the best sprinter in Applegarth, and the best miler in Jackson in the world, but for every defeat we sustain we shall be told that we are no longer a first-class nation. We have taught peaceful games to the world, like the Romans taught the game of war, and it is our glory. The fact that some of our pupils won some of the laurels should give us pleasure rather than the gripes. It is a fact that games are played more in this country than ever. We have ten times the number of athletes capable of equalling old-time athletic championship standards than we formerly had, but we cannot win everything, and all the twaddle written about decadence by some of the know-nothings of the modern press, only equals their flapdoodle nonsense written about our sport-loving King,

[illegible] a game in which he is interested [illegible] the King and long live sport.

[illegible] that some of these people would have [illegible] is of the win, tie, or wrangle character [illegible] fashionable by Yankee chief rooters and [illegible] whereby many of America's best athletes [illegible] morally ruined as sportsmen. It will [illegible] pay for English field sports and pastimes when we sink to the desire for victory at any cost. "May the best man win," has been a good English motto for centuries. Sport needs no fillip. If it is worthless it will soon die, but sport's devotees welcome the King to their high places. He is an Englishman, and therefore a sportsman, and Lords is a sporting centre second to none in the world.

HENLEY.

Henley is with us again, and given fine weather we are going to have another great regatta. The entries for the Grand and the Diamonds bring us against the world almost. We may not win either, but I'll warrant a good hearty cheer goes up for whichever crew or sculler comes home in the final of the two most sporting races of the year. We can still say "May the best man win," without adding "so long as he is an Englishman." But we may still hope, without outraging any sporting attribute, that an Englishman will prove the champion.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

At the Rubber Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall a room is set aside for smoking and card-playing. So that one can enjoy a rubber of whist, in fact.

* * *

A morning paper which has been booming and distributing Mr. Kipling's political speech in pamphlet form, announced last week, "Piece of crooked work—Mr. Kipling's exposure of the Cabinet." O Press! Thy name is Frankness.

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GOLF.

"Harry Vardon, the open champion, will play over the links at Stofton-on-Clay with James Braid, J. H. Taylor, and ——, the local 'pro.' They will play a medal round in the morning, and a foursome in the afternoon, in which Vardon and Taylor will oppose Braid and ———." So that no one can be cross and say I am pointing to him, I leave out any name in description of the local pro., for there are now so many golf courses that it would be difficult to pick on a name without being near some local celebrity.

The part of the previous paragraph in inverted commas you may see almost any day in the sporting pages of any paper you may happen to pick up. It means that Vardon is earning the reward of his success in the open championship. Vardon, Braid, and Taylor have toured the land time and again during the past 21 years, during which one or other of them has been open champion on fifteen occasions. Common belief is that the one of the trio who may happen to be champion can make the income of a boxing champion or a Prime Minister.

Club gossips do like to say when going round their course "Harry Vardon took 78 to go round. I am playing well to-day. Take my handicap of 18 of 100, that's 82, and Vardon is of course plus 8. If I had been playing him in a medal round I should have beaten him." That's the sop for the club duffer. Harry Vardon once took a nine at the eleventh hole at Muswell Hill, in one of these galanty shows, and the place is still pointed out with glee to the visitor to the club.

In the serious match of the afternoon the approximate scores are also given, and it may be that a new record is established in one round or the other, and perhaps the bogey is altered in consequence. Such is the boring penalty of being a member of the triumvirate, but it also brings its golden reward. Up till now George Duncan has not been able to write the word champion after his name, but if he has, in a way, cut into the privileges of the trio of late, it has been because he is to watch about the most attractive player living with the solitary exception of Vardon.

What an interesting match was the contest at Stoke Poges last Tuesday; when a team of ten ladies, nearly all of them with a championship of some kind or another to their credit, took on a team of ten males who were nearly all internationals. The men conceded half a stroke, and on the day's play were the winners of 13 matches to five.

I have an idea that a match in which a team of thoroughly representative nine-handicap men played a side of scratch ladies level would be quite as interesting, and quite as attractive. Why does not one of the big clubs arrange such a match. It has been proved that the best man can be reasonably expected to give the best woman player somewhere about a half, but Miss Leitch is the exception that proves the rule. She plays a man's game, and plays it like a man, and I would back her to beat any nine-man level. That is provided the nine-handicap man is not one of those people masquerading under a false handicap—the man who collects our half-crowns at matches, and who never takes out a medal or bogey card for fear of getting his handicap materially reduced. I have a case in mind, but it will make an article for another day. The type is worse than the pot hunter.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

There has been no particular activity in the Stock Markets during the past week, for obvious reasons, and plenty of big firms have spent days without recording a single transaction. While prices now stand at such a level that genuine bargains can be selected in nearly every market, everybody is waiting for the settlement of the many thorny questions now outstanding: Ulster, Mexico, the Near East agitation, and the Paris troubles. Not till then can we anticipate any improvement, which, according to some professionals closely in touch with public sentiment, will materialise in the direction of Kaffirs, or as others think, Oils. Consols and other gilt-edged securities have maintained a firm front, but Home Rails are quite neglected, the labour question still acting as a depressing factor. Rubber and Oil shares have scarcely maintained their quotations; while the public has not displayed much interest in Kaffirs. In all the markets prices have been poor and irregular in character, the little business done being mainly on professional account. This is the sort of business that brings no grist to the Stock Exchange mill—we might say treadmill.

* * *

While the City is in the throes of the Grenfell sensation, are we to have another, in which the interests involved would be vastly more important? This question arises because we hear from Paris that a prominent financial expert, who is in touch with the French Debenture holders, has been engaged in searching investigation into the financial position of the Farquhar Syndicate group (Brazil Railway and its subsidiaries, aggregating about £50,000,000 capital).

* * *

This expert's report will be presented very shortly. Meantime, we understand that the facts, figures and arguments he will adduce can scarcely fail to create a great sensation among all those interested—debenture holders, shareholders, bankers, and the City generally. Moreover, certain dividend payments have already been suspended, and this has naturally caused considerable anxiety.

* * *

The general Press is paying increased attention to Mexico. Only a few days ago the *Daily Telegraph* in a long article dealing with recent developments said: "It is no idle talk to say that the time is close at hand when Coconuts will be the medium of enormous Stock Exchange traffic. All the ripples on the surface point to a movement the activity of which will be heightened by being long overdue. For the rise of and brilliant prospect for the industry as well have brought Coconut securities into favour and favour at any period within the past two years. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that judicious investment of capital in Coconut enterprises cannot fail to yield the best result."

* * *

In the City some sensational developments are anticipated in connection with the Grenfell *débâcle*. Naturally, Mr. Arthur Grenfell and his associates would like a *voluntary* liquidation, but there is a strong feeling among shareholders in the companies that justice would be better served by a *compulsory* liquidation.

* * *

In the course of this it is hoped that some information will become available concerning the present whereabouts of the vast sums recently "banked" with the Canadian Agency—and the directors of the companies who conducted these extraordinary "banking" operations will have an opportunity of explaining their reasons for this disastrous departure from the usual company procedure.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following securities yield 4 per cent. at present quotations:

		Price.	Yield per cent. £	s.	d.
New Zealand Loan ...	1963	99-100	4	0	0
South Australian Loan	1924	99-100	4	0	0
Ceylon Loan	1934	99-100	4	0	0
Grenada Loan	1942	99-100	4	0	0

* * *

This is an age of specialisation, and assurance companies march with the times. Certain offices specialise in annuities; one is noted for its whole life policies; another office will only issue with-profit policies to the clergy of England, Scotland and Ireland, and their relatives. Quakers, University men, Wesleyans, and total abstainers are specially catered for by certain strong offices. Then there is an old-established company which will often insure "lives" rejected by other offices, its practice being to charge higher premiums and allow bigger bonuses. Two or three offices make a speciality of granting loans on personal security, plus a policy. One wealthy office is famous for its splendid endowment policies.

* * *

Mr. Richard Pritchard, who recently died at Ludlow, aged 84, demonstrated in striking fashion the value of an annuity. He retired from the Liverpool pilot service, seriously ill, on a pension in 1861. He appeared to be at death's door. The genial, tranquilising power of the annuity worked wonders, for it kept him going for another fifty-three years!

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

"Baluwayo," Cork.—Impossible to forecast decision of the Privy Council in connection with the Rhodesian land question. Hold your Chartered, the prospects of an ultimate improvement being promising.

"Kap," Worcester.—Both the Mines you mention are doing well; and dividend prospects are distinctly favourable. Whenever the Kaffir market develops any activity these shares are sure to participate in any resultant improvement.

P.W., Chelmsford.—Yes, you can buy an annuity on terms which will secure the return of every penny you deposit whether you live or die. The rate is, of course, higher, but the excess as compared with an ordinary annuity is not so much as most people suppose.

"Lot," Ipswich.—Be careful in buying Lottery Bonds; advertising outside brokers usually charge much more than the well-established Banks that deal in these securities. We can give you the name of a responsible firm, if you finally decide to buy.

K.M., Ayr.—We do not recommend outside—or even inside—brokers. The moderate sum you mention should be deposited with the Post Office Savings Bank. For safety.

L.B., Surbiton.—Coconut shares, if carefully selected, should yield excellent dividends and even increase in value as the industry develops. But those you mention are controlled by a firm which has never inspired our confidence.

"Douglas" (Leeds).—Cannot recommend firm you mention—outside brokers whose profits usually consist of clients' losses.

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Foreign Correspondent.....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
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RACING.
BY "OBSERVER."

It appears extremely unlikely that any English horse will be sent over for the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps to-morrow (Sunday). In any case we do not appear to have a three-year-old capable of taking this rich prize, which will probably fall to Sardanapale, the winner of the French Derby. Jus bar, although badly beaten in the Prix du Jockey Club, may get a place.

We have not had a very formidable representative in the big Paris race since Spearmint gained such a gallant victory for Major Loder eight years ago.

Mr. W. McEnery has good reason to remember an unusual experience which occurred at Brighton the other day. He ran September Morn and Bugler for the Southover Plate, and as he did not deem it necessary to make the declaration both were scratched. In the race Bugler, when leading coming down the incline, came to grief and broke his fetlock, and September Morn was beaten in a desperate finish by a neck after getting badly away.

A horse that on no account should be missed when seen out again is Happy Warrior. Mr. J. B. Joel's colt was decidedly unfortunate to lose the Coronation Stakes at Ascot on his only outing this campaign, and he will later on establish himself as one of the best three-year-olds of his year.

So far this season Santair has not found his best form, but the son of Santoi will do well in the autumn, and is one to keep an eye on for the Cambridgeshire, in which he finished third last year. Junior is another likely to win a big handicap at a later date, as the Manchester Cup winner, although a magnificent horse, is not quite a great cup horse.

By the way, our selections have done very well lately. During Ascot week, which was so disastrous to the majority of backers, a level stake on all our tips showed a profit of over 17 points, and the week previous an advantage of 20 points was gained.

Four fixtures provide the racing this week, the Newmarket First July meeting occupying from Tuesday to Friday; Carlisle, Tuesday and Wednesday; Worcester, Thursday and Friday; and Alexandra Park, Saturday.

Elkington may atone for previous failures by winning the July Stakes on the opening day at headquarters, and F. Darling's selected of Gay Lad and Heather Moon should secure the Bottisham Plate.

Likely winners on the second day are [illegible] in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap; Asparagus in the Hare Park Handicap; and Willbrook, in the Stetchworth Plate.

On Thursday Puss in Boots should take the Girt Handicap, and on the concluding day Kempton, in the Milton Welter Handicap, and Fairy Dress in the Princess' Plate, may score.

At Carlisle Ruff's Guide may win the Cumberland Handicap on Tuesday, and Wistow the Holme Plate. The Devonshire Plate on the second day may fall to Comatlast, and the Blackhall Handicap to Flying Aero.

The Coventry Plate at Worcester should be won by Philanthropist, and the Worcester Handicap by Nankeen. Gotham and Yoringal are likely winners of the City Welter Handicap and the Pitchcroft Welter Handicap respectively on the concluding day.

At Alexandra Park on Saturday Blue Stone should take the London Cup.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE & CAR.

The trapping season has begun in real earnest, and between now and the end of the autumn many thousands of unfortunate motorists will have their names called in the police courts. Any policeman who can spare a moment from the arduous task of tracking down small boys with cigarettes is at this time of the year expected to dress up as a tramp and lie in a hedge. Certainly the man with the stop-watch is a great nuisance to everyone, and a perfect curse to the hard-up driver. Nothing is more annoying than to be forced to present the opulent county authorities with a couple of guineas when the back tyre is threadbare or the engine requires rebushing.

* * *

But quite apart from this sentimental standpoint there is another aspect to the case. The reckless driver must be penalised. Many people are, however, agreed that the present system of supervising speeds is singularly ill-advised and ineffective. If, for instance, a ten-mile limit is in force on a particular stretch of the road, no matter whether it is deserted or not, anyone proceeding along it with his speedometer at "eleven" is liable to be hauled up before the local bench. Very often there is not a soul to be seen—not even the policeman's colleague—but that makes no difference. Indeed, it produces a spirit of greater activity among the police, for then they can rely on a large "bag."

* * *

In too many districts the one desire of the authorities is to round up as many technical offenders as possible. At Roehampton, for instance, they delight in trapping on a steep incline, with no side turnings or high hedges. Other local authorities keep watch at the bottom of a hill, where they expect the motorist to accelerate a little in order more easily to accomplish the ascent. In pursuing such tactics as these the police are not endeavouring to protect a public which is usually conspicuous by its absence, but are more often simply and solely "on the make." I have been present at Petty Sessions at which the business of the day has consisted of one "drunk and disorderly," and 40 "speed limits."

* * *

The ordinary speed limit is, of course, 20 miles an hour, but in practice very few policemen stop anyone who is going under 25. The 10 miles an hour limits are, however, rigidly enforced. The custom regarding the "cut out" regulation also varies considerably. A motor-cycle that is passed in one district is termed unnecessarily noisy in another. "Driving to the common danger" is another elastic phrase.

* * *

Whenever you are stopped by a man in blue, it is better to "lie low and say nuffin." Your one concern should be to secure the names and addresses of any witnesses. If you cannot win your case, don't waste time by attending the court. Send instead the Automobile Association solicitor, whose services are free if you are a member. He will know how to deal with the Bench better than you. There are a few districts which, owing to the methods of the local police, are boycotted and avoided by motorists generally. Among them are the following: Bromley (Kent), Kingston-on-Thames, Godalming, Huntingdon, Bromsgrove, and Henley-in-Arden.

E. B. INCE.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Guilrats (E. Croydon), P. R. (Liverpool) and A. S. W. (Upton Manor).—Many thanks for confirmation of W. R. C. R.'s par re "The Tale of Two Cities."

Caerau (Maesteg).—Don't know a certain cure for impediment in the speech, but would advise you to see a specialist in elocution and voice production.

Mrs. J. W. (Willenhall).—Your little effort transgresses all the rules. It is written in pencil, on both sides of the paper; it is innocent of punctuation, and it contains nothing new nor nothing old told in a new way.

B. S. (Pluckley).—You can obtain blades for your safety razor from the Anglo-American Trading Co., Ltd., 10, New Union Street, E.C.

R. L. N. (Wanstead).—Of course, it is perfectly true that the charges for the various items and events at the Theatrical Garden Party are not strictly in accordance with their commercial value. But who would not pay the difference for the privilege of being importuned by the brightest and most popular ladies of our time?

S. P. B. (Richmond).—Cannot say we feel any strong inclination to go to much trouble to answer your query. The matter is one that would be so domestic to Mr. James Welch that we cannot see how it interests you whether we know or not.

Sundry Correspondents.—All anonymous communications which reach us promptly go into the W.P.B.

OUTER-MAN.

Francis (Hammersmith).—The best type of walking stick to carry when in evening dress is a straight malacca with a silver knob.

J. G. (Burton).—Before placing in the trouser press the garments should be hung up downwards to stretch.

F. K. (Berwick).—Any good dye works can tone down the colour of your cricket blazer.

"Clothes" (Finsbury Park).—White ties should be avoided.

MOTORING.

Triumph (Belfast).—Electric horns are expensive and use up batteries at a rapid rate. The mechanical kind are preferable.

E.S. (Reading).—On the whole we prefer cast iron to steel pistons. You never quite know what effect the heat is going to have on the latter.

J. E. B. (Eastbourne).—Porcelain sparking plug protectors are entirely efficient.

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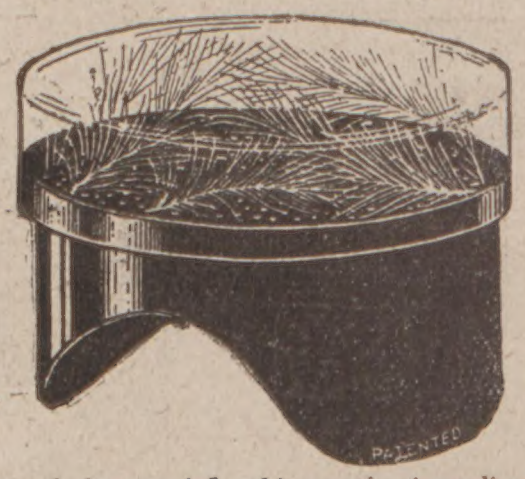

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"He stole a kiss from me."
"Well, that was only petit larceny."
"It wasn't, it was grand."

* * *

MOLECULES v. MONOCLES.

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practise constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

* * *

Orchestra leader:—My dear sir, don't you know that you are murdering the time?

Singing comedian: Well, it is better to murder the time once and for all than to beat it, night after night, as you do!

* * *

HOW HE KNEW.

Little Johnny: Mamma, Tommy Brown's mother makes him go to Sunday School every Sunday morning.

Mamma: How do you know she makes him go?

Little Johnny: Because he goes.

* * *

Mrs. Gabb: I should think you'd be worried about havin' y'r darter marry Mr. Brief. He's a young lawyer, an' folks say he's as poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. Labb: Yes, he's poor now, there's no denying that; but he'll be rich some day. He's an awful rascal.

"The moment anyone speaks of her age, she becomes mute."
"Well, her face can do enough talking for two!"
—"Pages Follies."

The Riding Master: "Not at all bad. You cleared that obstacle perfectly, except that you forgot to take the horse along with you."—"Journal Amusant."

ITS BEST QUALITY.

Penelope: One thing about an automatic piano is, it doesn't have to be coaxed to play.

Percival: And a better thing about it is, it can be stopped any time without having its feelings hurt.—*Puck.*

* * *

TWO GIRLS.

Kitty: Jack told me last night that I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

Ethel: Oh, that's nothing! He said the same to me a year ago.

Kitty: I know that; but as one grows older, one's taste improves, you know.—*Milwaukee News.*

* * *

HANDMADE.

"I believe in the kiss-and-make-up theory," announced the agitator of peace.

"And I find things that way," replied the boastful boy. "Whenever I kiss, I notice the make-up.—*Judge.*

* * *

Young Wife: I won't stay with you any longer! I am going home to mother!

Husband: Here's the fare.

Young Wife: But that is not enough for the return trip!—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

* * *

ONE WOMAN AND ANOTHER.

Gladys: Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me.

Muriel: How do you know?

Gladys: He says he is always thinking of me.

Muriel: Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.—*Judge.*

* * *

The old-fashioned woman did not believe much in dress, the modern one does not believe in much dress.—*Puck.*

* * *

INTERFERENCE.

Magistrate: Can't this case be settled out of court?

Mulligan: Shure! That's phat we wuz thryin' to do, yer honor, whin the polis interfered.—*Brooklyn Life.*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

There are very few men who do not complain of the magnitude of their tailors' bills. As the years go by the world—and her husband—devote far more attention to the subject of dress than formerly. What is now considered a very modest little wardrobe would have been regarded as a tremendous extravagance in the days when Queen Victoria ruled the land. Certainly there are not many of us who do not feel that an altogether excessive share of our incomes goes to that section of the community whose proverbial headquarters are in Savile Row.

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What is the remedy? Man was never an economical beast, so most people draw their occasional cheques with a "grin and bear it" sort of air. One thing is quite certain, and that is that it is a great mistake to indulge in cheap clothes. Cheap shirts quickly fade, cheap socks rush into holes, and cheap suits are "the limit." Nobody but a millionaire could afford the average thirty shilling suit, for he would require a new one twice a day. He with the shallow purse would be well advised to pay at least four guineas for a lounge suit. This sum should secure an affair which will stand almost continuous wear for six months or more. For five guineas a really good suit can now be obtained at some of the better class cash establishments.

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These places have sprung up to fill a long-felt want. When you pay a tailor seven or eight guineas you know pretty well that you are not getting anything like full value for your money. Instead you are helping to pay for the Johnnie who dodges his bills, which is exceedingly annoying. So one or two cash houses have lately appeared in the West End whose aim is to supply the best type of clothes on a rigid pay-on-delivery system. In this way they are able to charge what may, to the uninitiated, appear absurdly small sums. Here are a few extracts from the price list of a first-class "cash" firm:—

Morning suits, 5 guineas.
Evening suits, 7 guineas.
Motor Coats, 5 guineas.
Ulsters, 5 guineas.
Riding Breeches, 2½ guineas.

These terms are quoted for clothes made out of the newest materials, and cut in the latest fashion.

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The man who pays a fair price for an article is, of course, entitled to expect that the latter will give him reasonably long service. In the case of clothes everything depends on the manner in which they are treated. It is sheer recklessness to wear the same suit for more than two days running. To keep a pair of trousers in their pristine elegance, they should not be called on to do more than a day's service at a time. It is not the sign of a fop to place a cushion on one's seat at the office. This is sheer economy, for nothing ruins cloth more than constant contact with polished wood. This applies particularly to blue serge trousers, and where a cushion is not forthcoming a sheet of newspaper should be utilised. No man with a banking account of under five figures can possibly afford to sit down without first pulling up his trousers from the knee. To do otherwise is to invite premature bagginess.

At home it is absolutely necessary to possess an efficient trouser-press. The cheap ones are not satisfactory, for the screws quickly lose their thread. Even with an expensive press it is unwise to "overcrowd." Contrary to general belief the more trousers there are in the affair the less good it accomplishes. As a rule three pairs should be considered the maximum. Before they are placed in the press the trousers should be suspended upside down in the wardrobe. Cloth is very elastic and their own weight will be quite sufficient to stretch them. Then they should have, say, three days in the press prior to being stored away for future use.

* * *

Trouser presses are nowadays as common as Suffragettes, and there are very few maiden aunts who can resist them when one's birthday comes round. But the useful little accessory intended to flatten out ties is not so frequently met with. As a matter of fact it is a most indispensable article from a money-saving point of view. Broad-ended ties soon get badly creased, and are then useless. A short sojourn in the press will quickly put matters to rights and they will emerge looking as good as new. A tie press costs about four shillings and sixpence—and soon saves its price.

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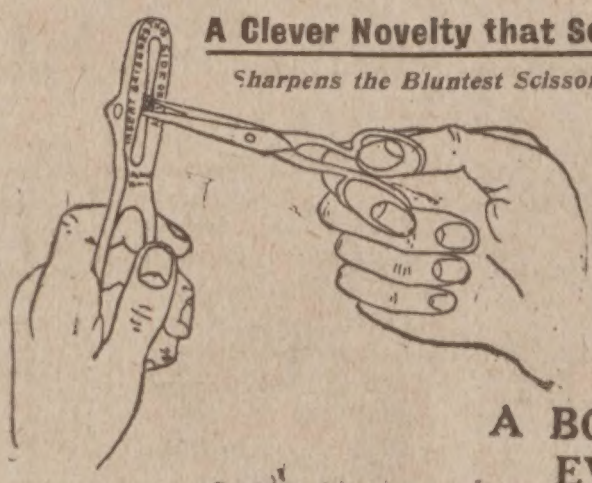

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